

The Long Nightmare Pt. 1

by Ronin

Category: X-Men

Genre: Adventure

Language: English

Status: In-Progress

Published: 2000-05-20 09:00:00

Updated: 2000-05-20 09:00:00

Packaged: 2016-04-27 18:07:06

Rating: T

Chapters: 1

Words: 3,595

Publisher: www.fanfiction.net

Summary: New York is ravaged and torn by war. The most mysterious X-Man must find out what happened to the city as he searches for the answer to his other questions. How did he get there? Who or what is behind all of this? And why is everyone after him? It is a de

The Long Nightmare Pt. 1

The Long Nightmare

>

> They thought he was out cold.
 Good.

> While everyone boarded the blackbird Remy LeBeau slipped into the shadows and made his way back to his bike. The brush was thick and the shadows deep, he moved silently and swiftly down the path. The bike was still there where he had left it and it remained untouched. He grabbed onto the handle for support and straddled his hog, kicking the kick stand he throttled up and took to the road. Unbeknownst to him what perils await his arrival in...

> New York:
 Shadows bled onto the streets as the dark sulfur sky grew darker. A group of men scattered throughout the streets in perfect formation, each watching the other's back with weapons held ready. They moved in quick stop and go spurts as they took turn taking point. These six men were trained for urban warfare and preferred the cover of night as they carried out their orders.

>
 Captain Davis took point as he passed first Lieutenant Andrews who made sure the path was clear. Specialist fourth class Dominguez and SP4 Robertson stood closely behind 1LT Andrews while Corporal Jackson kept close behind 'sitting' Private Miller. This was the first time any man would be executing urban warfare maneuvers on domestic soil and each prayed it would be the last.

>
 Sweat began to build under Captain Davis' helmet as the warm air began to settle in this spring evening. Nothing much worried Cpt. Davis save for the man who currently held the rear. Michael 'Judas' Miller, a man who earned that moniker by betraying his platoon to the

enemy during the Gulf War in order to preserve his worthless life. He was on his way to becoming a high ranking officer prior to his betrayal, a grade A soldier until he entered the Mideast.

>
 It had been said that Judas went insane and murdered his former unit and then made it look as if the enemy had done it. He almost got away with it all but a soldier breathed his last breath through the radio carried by a deceased communications officer. The last transmission HQ received was: "Miller...turned...on...u-us...the platoon...platoon...all dead." It was enough for a conviction and the bastard was sentenced to death and spent his remaining days in Leavenworth. Miller never said a word in court, he just kept silent and remained so even after the sentence. It was said that the only sign of emotion from him came upon hearing his sentence...he just smiled.

> The crazy bastard just smiled.

> "Night Owl to Nest, mouse is secured...no sign of our birds." Cpt. Davis called into his head set as he they reached the extraction point.
 "Roger that Night Owl, this is Nest. Chopper's are en route....ETA 5 minutes." A voice responded from HQ.

> "Andrews."
 "Sir."

> "Looks like we sit here and wait. Keep Jackson company."
 "Sir!"

>
 Lt. Andrews didn't much like his orders but disobeying them would mean a Court Marshall. He made his way over to Cpl. Jackson carefully working his way through the broken slabs of concrete and bricks that made up the streets. He looked over at Cpl. Jackson and noticed that he was sitting slumped over his M16, Miller was lying on the ground beside him. Something seemed very wrong with this picture, butterflies filled his stomach as he got closer to the two.

> "Jackson." His bottom lip curled under his teeth as he got a closer look noticing the smell of burnt flesh filling his sense of smell as well as taste. "Capt-" He began to call but his screams were cut short by the taste of warm blood that filled his dry mouth. As he fell to the ground he noticed that the man lying beside Cpl. Jackson was in fact some poor soul who was at the wrong place at the wrong time. The last thing he saw before he died was those cold dark soulless eyes of Pvt. Miller.

> Hours Later:
 He didn't much like having to leave his bike behind but it was the only logical choice if he was to get into the city. There was a large obstruction in the way of the Brooklyn bridge entrance and if the rest of the city was a hint of what Manhattan was like, then may God have mercy on the souls of any survivors.

>
 Remy was confused to say the least but he was also curious and so he pressed on. He moved under the cover of the shadows carefully observing and relearning the terrain. One could say that he felt like Alice tumbling down the rabbit hole except that her trip was a pleasant one and this was far, far from pleasant. All he could see was chaos and it reigned for miles and none of it made any sense.

>
 Nothing was like it used to be.

> There was once an abundance of life here and now it was scarce. Children scurried along the streets just as the rats did. Their innocent eyes staring deep into his soul, tugging at his very humanity. It was as if Apocalypse had somehow came back from the dead and realized his dream of world conquest while the X-Men fought at the Center.

> Gambit moved deeper and deeper into the destruction and it left a bad taste in his mouth. There were no Avengers, no Fantastic Four, no New Warriors, and worst of all no police or military presence. It was as if the whole world had just given up and he was the only one there trying to make sense of it all. He wouldn't believe it if he hadn't

seen it with his own eyes.

> His over coat began to flap as the wind became violent but his attention was focused on a group of men lying at his feet. There were five men all violently massacred and lying in a pool of their own blood, residue of a mutant energy blast still spewing from their bodies like cigarette smoke. The wounds were fresh which meant whoever killed these men was still nearby. From the look of them they were highly trained special forces and that meant that the killer or killers were good.

> At that moment a bright light blinded him from above and he could hear a voice shouting for him to surrender. He knew at that moment that the sudden wind change wasn't the weather but a chopper with whisper blade capability, which meant only one thing...military. Gambit took to the streets and gave chase, using the damaged urban surrounding he had been studying as his cover. Great, just great he thought to himself as he came to the conclusion that now he was the prime suspect of a mutant attack. On the military no less.

> He moved swiftly through the debris as he dodged gunfire from above, one false move and not only would he have to deal with a broken ankle but a lot of bullet holes as well. He made his way to an alley and jumped through a broken window of an office building. He climbed to the second level and cursed himself as he found the chopper still hovering in front of him, they continued to fire rounds at him and his coat caught some of them. He made his way across another hallway to his right with the chopper following seconds behind him. In front of him was a dead end with a big stress on dead. He pulled out a metal spike from a hidden pocket in his coat and began to fill it with kinetic energy, he sent the charged spike toward the window and the glass shattered. He now had a way out but one problem still remained, the helicopter.

> Gambit had no time to think so he jumped through the opened window and the world went into slow motion. He could see the chopper rounding the corner, the determination in the pilot's eye, he could see the gunner scrambling to get his sights set on his target, and they could see him twisting in the air with such athletic grace. His hands coming out of his tattered coat releasing about a dozen glowing objects in their direction which exploded just before reaching the helicopter.

> The world returned to normal and Gambit fell hard on his side from the second story window. He landed amongst a group of the city's original homeless which stayed behind because there were no other choices. The chopper circled the streets for a while but found no sign of Gambit who now blended in with the group of men near the bonfire. After a few more sweeps the chopper flew off into the night and a man helped Remy to his feet.
 "Hello friend, welcome to the desert." He offered with a toothless smile.

>

>

> The burden of the world is always on him.
 His life constantly filled with hard choices and even harder consequences to each road that he takes. A couple hours ago he entered the city through one of its bridges, leaving his transportation behind. A short time later he stumbled across a special forces unit who had been brutally murdered by what seemed to be a mutant attack. He was only there a few seconds before the helicopter arrived but they weren't planning on listening to reason. He miraculously escaped danger but for how long?

>
 There were eyes everywhere and they all seemed to focus on the man walking through the devastated street. He moved cautiously looking for any signs of the chopper that chased him earlier. There was little to no signs of danger, which to Remy LeBeau meant that he was closer to it than he wanted to be. Life in New York had changed from financial survival to survival of the fittest so it could have been anything. For a brief second the wind shifted and it stopped him in his tracks forcing him to look up into the night sky. Nothing. After making sure that it was just a change in the wind's direction he continued even with the feeling still there.

>
 Life was different in the city than in it's surrounding five boroughs-it was barely present as if it had truly been a desert in it's entirety. In his eyes Manhattan had become a modern version of the Grand Canyon with each building each skyscraper representing it's caverns. Each street, and each alley representing it's arteries long since drained of the city's blood. Remy almost found himself in awe as to how regal it still looked even in it's dismal state, and wondered why he had never noticed it before. Again it was a thought to be shrugged off as he headed deeper into the unknown without a hint of what was to come.

>
 For no reason whatsoever, Remy found himself thinking about Rogue. He stopped in his tracks and just stood there as his mind flooded with thoughts of his on and off significant other. It was as if the thoughts were placed in his mind by someone else but he couldn't understand how that would be possible. A telepath would have trouble doing so since Remy's mutant ability served as static to mind probes, not to mention they would both feel some discomfort. He needed to be free of these thoughts if he were to keep his mind on the perils that still preyed on him. Had he not been thinking of Rogue at the very moment he would've caught a nervous man looking at him a short distance away and then disappearing under the rubble.

>

> All eyes focused in on the man heading toward them and with a hand signal the men each got into position. As he drew closer they carefully cocked their weapons while observing his every move. Each man sat anxiously behind cover looking for the go ahead to reveal themselves with their weapons leveled and aimed at their target. One man sat there questioning the need for all these people when all he saw was just one man. He kept it to himself for fear of what such thoughts might bring, but then anxiety turned to fear as he noticed the men getting nervous. Sweat began to build above his brow as he slowly turned and peered over his cover to see the man just standing a few yards away. Just standing as if their cover had been blown.

> Captain Apone cursed under his breath as he watched the target come to a sudden halt. It was making him nervous and he hated when he became nervous but the guy just stood there still as a statue. Something told him that their cover had been blown but he knew better, the guy wouldn't have just stopped and made his self an easy target. Still, something was wrong.
 "Lt. Briggs." He called just above a whisper to his second in command who sat beside him.

> "Sir." His reply was second nature, something that was drilled into him during basic training.
 "Keep an eye on him but be on the look out for more." He ordered as he prepared to head into a better position.

> "Sir!" Lt. Briggs said as he put his hand on the shoulder of his commanding officer, pulling his attention back to the man in the cloak like trench coat.
 He was heading toward them again and soon the mutant was in range. Captain Apone gave the signal as he put his arm out to his side in a fist to capture his men's attention and then

waving for everyone to engage.

>

> Suddenly the silence was disrupted by the sound of men hustling toward the Cajun Mutant outlaw. They ran toward him and flanked his rear covering any hope for escape. Their weapons held at shoulder level as each soldier kept their sights locked on the target. Gambit was surprised by how fast they surrounded him but their being there at all was anything but a surprise. He got into a defensive position and the world slowed once again as he could hear the breathing change in his lungs, the beating of his heart, and the excitement that filled his veins once more.

> His right hand brushed back the length of his coat and it draped over the back of his leg. In his hand there were playing cards between each finger within the flick of his wrist. A man stepped in front of the rest of them and began to demand his surrender but his demands fell on deaf ears. Remy allowed himself a grin and then watched the man's eyes grow wide as the cards in his hand began to glow as the air ionized around them. Almost instantly the man ordered his troops to open fire and Remy found himself dodging a hail of bullets.

> He moved with athletic grace as he ran straight toward the commanding officer, the bullets each tearing at his trench like hungry vultures. The gunfire began to intensify as he moved closer toward Captain Apone. Gambit pushed his body into a no handed cartwheel and released a few cards toward one side of soldiers. Bullets hissed as they passed by his head and one grazed his metallic boot but none had caught the illusive Cajun. As he landed back on his feet a loud explosion knocked the soldiers off of their feet and sent hurling against a building behind them as the cards hit the ground.

> Now six men surrounded him, each eager to take him down using the hand to hand combat skills they had acquired in training. The first one came hard and fast but fell just the same as Gambit moved on to the next. The second soldier tried to keep his distance and stand toe to toe with him but by utilizing acrobatic skill the Cajun spiraled behind him and introduced him to the floor as well. He then followed with a quick spin kick which connected with three other soldiers. He turned to find where the last man was standing only to find himself staring down the barrel of a loaded M16. The soldier just smiled at him as he began to feel that he had the upper hand, nonetheless he never should have smiled. With amazing speed Gambit grabs the barrel of the gun and connects with a spinning back fist, followed by a kick to the man's side. For the finale he jumped backwards sending his feet up against his jaw and then changes the momentum in his body to tip himself back onto his feet where he stood.

> Another barrage of bullets began to fill the air and he turned and ran toward the soldiers who were opening fire. Running in a zigzag he dodges the bullets but as they get heavier he jumps in the air and as he begins the somersault he pulls out his spikes and by the time he lands they explode all around the kill zone. It bought him time and he ducked into a nearby alley where he followed to a dead-end. Upon reaching the end he jumped off of a wall to reach a fire escape which he used to climb onto the roof.

> After making sure he wasn't followed Remy collapses and begins to breath a sigh of relief but it is short lived-someone else was up here with him. He could see the figure in the cover of shadow and noticed that his eyes were glowing blood red and the energy crackled as his eyes narrowed.

>

>

> This was not his best night and it seemed to be getting worse, as each escape brought a bigger threat. Muscles protested with pain as he got to his feet and braced for the worst. His biggest threat stood before him with blood red eyes and an evil grin that stretched from ear to ear. Energy crackled as it ran through his body the sound was that of bugs hitting a neon light.
 "I've been waiting for you Gambit of the Thieves Guild."

>

> Soldiers littered the streets of the Desert as they carried out their orders to retake the land from the lawless. They moved about evacuating the civilians from each block that they captured and sending them to the already secured outer boroughs. Gangs still owned certain sections of Manhattan but most of them weren't dumb enough to mix it up with military.

> Things were looking up for the survivors of the devastated city as the American soldiers brought a new hope. Then things went totally wrong as a loud bang rocked the streets from an explosion above. Panic filled the survivors who headed back into the city for cover. The soldiers looked up to see debris coming fast from the roof of one of the nearby buildings. They scattered to safety as fast as they could.
 "Pegasus to Olympus...we're taking fire! It looks like there something hot coming from above in sector five...get some war birds here now!" The communications officer yelled inot his headset.

> "Roger, war birds away." A voice responded.

>
 Remy twisted in the air as another stream of energy shot past him barely hitting his side. He could feel the heat even through his body armor and his heart skips a beat. That was the closest call yet, his body was screaming with pain and exhaustion threatened to prevent him from going on, he needed some rest. It didn't look like there was any way out of this one so the only left to do was fight.

>
 With everything he had Remy made his way to the water tower dodging another blast of energy. He could tell by the discharge that he was facing the killer of that unit he bumped into earlier. The man was ruthless in his attack and didn't plan on letting up. Reaching into his inside pocket he found a full deck of playing cards and he brought it to his nose. Remy loved the smell of a fresh pack, it reminded him of the smell of...a fighting chance.

>
 Michael 'Judas' Miller wasn't a patient man, but a perfect killer. Trained by the US government and endowed with mystic abilities by a demon of Hell, he was a monster in every sense of the word. He moved around the roof in frustration as he looks for his target.

> "Gambit of the Thieves Guild! Come out of your little hole and face death like a man!" He demands in frustration.
 On that cue Miller felt the back end of Gambit's Z'nox staff which amplified pain with but a touch. "My friends call me Remy LeBeau, to enemies it's Gambit! You can go ahead an' forget dat first name right about now." The words come out calmly followed by a cocky grin and then a kcik to Miller's face. He kept it coming and poured a relentless attack on his foe. Remy didn't stop until Miller dropped to his face and laid still. He breathed a sigh of relief and gathered his strength for a few minutes, and then he headed for the exit.

>
 He was almost there when he felt a burst of energy rip into his back and engulf him in pain.

>
 To be continued.

>

End
file.